

A Full and Exact Relation of the Fight betwixt the Henry, an East-India Merchant-man, and the Marine, a French Man of War of 40 Guns, on the Coast of Ireland, on the 12th of July, 1695.

Written from Ireland by an Officer of the said Ship.

7. Aug. 1695

Dingle Couch, July 21. 1695.

Dear Brother,

IN my last I had not time to give you a short Narration of our Voyage and Misfortune since we departed India, which is as followeth:

We departed *Surrat* the 19th of January, 1694. and saw the Cape of Good Hope about the 7th of April; the 8th ditto, our Gunner by accident blew up, as we did suppose, in small Calcs, Powder-Horns and Granado-shells, above 30 l. of Powder in the Gun-room, which fired our Ship. It pleased God, by cutting up our Decks, and throwing Water, we quencht it in about two hours. The Gunner died next day by the Wounds he received; his Mate is still living, but has lost as yet the Use of both his Hands. There were several others that had small hurts. About the 3d or 4th of May we saw the Island *Ascension*; and the 10th of this Instant we made the Land of Ireland, in the Latitude of 54 Degr. or thereabouts, it being very thick hazy Weather, and so much Wind and Rain, that we could not deal with it. On Friday the 12th Instant, about 7 in the morning, we made the *Skellicks*, steering directly in with them, still the Wind fresh, thick Weather, and a great Sea. About 10 in the morning we saw a Sail without us bearing down; we prepared our Ship for a Fight, and still kept on our Course towards the *Skellicks*. Just as we got into the Sound, which was about 3 of the Clock, the Ship came up with us under English Colours within a Ships length, and bid us strike for King James. We told him, We would not. In Answer he said, He would make us presently, and in a very short time fired his Broad-side and Small Shot. We answered him with the like Salute. Then he laid us on Board athwart the Harfe, and entred about 100 Men on our Forecastle. The Broad-side he gave us by Misfortune carried away the Bulk-head of our Cuddy, and laid those Close Quarters quite open, and at the same time killed Mr. *John Pluncknett* a Gentleman on Board us; which forc'd the Men that were quartered there to retire into the Steeridge and great Cabbin. At the first of the entring, by what Accident I know not, they took our Forecastle, where we had 15 Men quartered, of which they carried away 13, and left one dead, and another sadly mangled, his Right Hand being off, and his Mouth and Jaw shot to pieces. All this time from the Steeridge Quarters we gauld them on our Forecastle, and on their Quarter and Poop, they still halling away their Dead Men, and re-entring fresh. We forc'd them to forsake the top of our Forecastle; then they made themselves Masters of the Quarter-deck and Round-house, and down our Stair-case, which was open, they cast down Granado-shells and Stink-pots, and fired Pistols, with which they wounded 2 Men; one of them died afterwards: We had nothing to return that could offend them but Huzzas, that they might know we were in being; and so guarded the Passage, that they could not descend. In the Interim, after the Ships staying 2 hours or more thwart our Harfe, they cast round our Starboard Bow along our side at about a Ships Breadth distance: We gave him a Broad-side, at the receiving of which he stood off, and brought on the Carcen, leaving about 40 or 50 Men on Board us. We forc'd them out of the Round-house, and they lodg'd most on the Poop (except such as were in our Tops cutting our Rigging, and in our Forecastle.) We design'd to Sally, but our Small-Arms were all disabled, having flown out of the Stocks, and cloyed with often firing; and some of the Locks broke, which we fired with Matches, one taking Aim, and the other giving Fire. Then we resolv'd to convey half a Barrel of Powder into the Round-house, to blow up the Poop, which accordingly we conveyed there, and fired, but did not the expected Execution. Finding no other means, but to venture at all, resolving they should not have the Ship, we carried a whole Barrel of Powder into the former place, and set Fire thereto, but it did not the expected Execution in blowing up the Deck; the reason we suppose to be, was by the Bulk head being down, and the Powder decayed. Then we resolv'd to Sally with our Swords, half Pikes, and Javelings, which accordingly we did; they having Fire-Arms were too hard for

us; we had one Man killed, but took two of theirs Prisoners: We Sallied again, and mounted the Quarter Deck; they being on the Poop, in the Mizzen Shrouds and Tops, and some over the Ships Quarter: We bid them cast over-board their Arms, and they should have both Quarter, and they said if we did not lay down our Arms and Surrender, we should have no Quarter: They fired several small Arms, which fired one of our Mens Eyes almost out, either they had no shot in them, or were bad Marks-men, otherwise they must needs have killed many of us. After a long Parley, they begun to Surrender. The Ship was on fire on the Larboard Quarter, which I judge was caused by the last Barrel of Powder we blew up. We secured their Officers, and set their Men and some of ours to the Pump, and putting the Fire out, others to Trimming the Sails; the Rigging was so much cut and shot, that we could not brace the Yards, and she was a shoar immediately, and the Fire as high as the Mizzen Top: In the interim we were doing this, the Ship struck against the Rocks, about a Mile from a place called *Vintrey*, and three Miles from hence. The Man of War lay all this while hovering about a Mile from us: In the time of our Fight, we gave him our Larboard Guns, which was the last salute he received from us: 'tis supposed he receiv'd more dammage than we can imagine; otherwise his Men say he would have boarded us again, for they call'd to him on our Poop to come, signifying if they did, the Ship would be theirs. After we had Conquered them that were on Board; we found they were 35, or 40 sound men, far exceeding our Number; but the Ship running a shoar, we all were left to the mercy of the Fire and Water, the first was soon got to our Main Mast. We had 3 Men killed, and about 7 wounded; in the Action, 1 Dyed on the Rocks of his Wounds, and about 4 Drown'd and Starv'd with Cold: It was about 7 at Night when we ran a shoar, and night 12 before all were got off, there going a great Sea. Here is constantly, as People tell us, Men of War and Privateers of the Enemies Cruizing off of this Port: I have seen 2 (three or four times) and now they lay nigh the *Blasketts*; tho' it pleased God four Days since, a small Ship called the *Susanna*, belonging to *Bristol*, about 100 Tunns, *John Viscare* Master, from *Meviss*, got safe in. The Man of War that we fought, was of 36 Guns and 280 Men, called the *Marine* of *Brest*, Commanded by Captain *Neagle*. They had a great many *English* and *Irish* men on Board: Some of our Prisoners are *English* Men. The Country hath secured 27, the most of note are Escaped. One *Fitz Gerrard* who was the Commissary, had a Letter found in his Pocket of some Importance.

Men Dead in the Voyage.

Hugh Levelis Chief Mate.
Richard Foster,
Job Herbert,
John Hawkins,
John Hobbs,
Thomas Eales,
Robert Lee, Gunner.
George William a Dutchman.
John Jackson,
William Thorneburst.

Drown'd and Died upon the Rocks.

William Merton,
John Waton,
Harman Mire a Dutchman.
Edward Rusteridge.

Carried Prisoners to France.

Robert Hudson,
Ralph Porter,
John Alean,
John Daynes,
Edward Brunridge,
Edmond Duke,
Phillip Lee,
Henry Lewis, and 5 more.

Killed in the Action.

Mr. John Plucknett,
Mr. Walter Aston,
Abraham Starke a Dutch man.

What I have here Writ, is a True Account of the Action, and more we could not do to save the Ship. I thank God I escaped with Life, and received no other Damage than a small Blaft, which took the left side of my Face, and scorched me a little; my Eye was hurt, but now I thank God I am well of it. There is not a prospect of much to be saved, for there is a Storm now which hath shatter'd her bottom all to pieces, and the Canes are floating about the Sea.

I am,

Your Affectionate Brother, &c.

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